

2-30  
HAIG'S GAIN—TRENCHES ON MILE FRONT TAKEN

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,216.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1917

One Penny.

THE EX-TSAR A PRISONER IN HIS PALACE—THE RED FLAG CONCEALS THE TRAPPINGS OF THE OLD REGIME.



All the crowns and monograms adorning the Palace gates are covered with the red flag.

g4563



Mr. Kerinsky (the Minister of Justice), the commandant of the Palace and two adjutants who arrested the royal party.



Windows of the apartments now occupied by the ex-Tsar and his family.



A sentry lifts up the red flag with his bayonet to show what it conceals.



Prince Gagarine, who always accompanies the ex-Tsar when he goes for a walk.



The ex-Tsar's servants, who are all prisoners for the present. The chef and woodman are included in the group.

The deposed Tsar and family are still living at Tsarskoye Selo, or the Windsor of Russia, as it has been called. But times have changed, and Nicholas is no longer an Emperor, but a prisoner, and is guarded by the very soldiers whom he once com-

manded. There are altogether 203 prisoners at the Palace, including the domestic staff, and Mr. Kerinsky, a new Minister, is responsible for their safety.—(From The Daily Mirror staff photographer in Russia.)

## "ONE SLICE LESS OF BREAD" CRUSADE.

Startling New Facts About the Waste of Food.

### PAMPERED DOGS.

The paramount importance of food economy is shown by the hopes the Germans are building on their U boat war.

They claim that in two months 1,000,000 tons of British shipping have been sunk, and that the tonnage still available to us is between 7,000,000 and 10,000,000 (see page 3).

A striking example to the nation which, if followed, would make commissioners of rationing, with all its hardships, unnecessary has been set by boy scouts, who have agreed to do without one slice of bread and with one helping less of food daily.

"If every scout did the same and got three friends to join him in the effort (Sir R. Baden-Powell told *The Daily Mirror*) they would, by saving 4oz. of food a day, save no less than 2,000 tons in a month."

### UNHEeded WARNINGS.

Though there is not a man or woman now who can honestly assert that he or she is ignorant of the peril of the food shortage, waste and extravagance still continue.

Paris. In three parts of the country indicate that there are varying degrees of observance of the Food Controller's recommendations.

North Wales is said to be one of the best districts, but in some quarters positive orders are ignored. From one town it is reported that the bakers are selling bread hot from the oven.

Indicating how far from grasping the seriousness of the situation some people are, the following incident is told: A Frenchwoman purchased a half-pound of steak from a butcher at Gainsborough and, on noticing that her purchase included some fat, asked the butcher to remove it, saying that the meat was for her dog and he would not eat fat.

### 100 PER CENT. INCREASE.

Commander Bellairs, M.P., said on Saturday that he was told that, on a meatless day, at a country hotel a woman asked for a plate of meat for her dog—and got it!

The Mayor of St. Albans is sending a personal letter to every householder exhorting to economy.

In certain districts there is said to be an increase in the consumption of bread by as much as 100 per cent.

With regard to the proposal to establish a National League of Food Patriots as a practical means of avoiding the necessity for compulsory rationing, Lieutenant-General Sir R. Baden-Powell said in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday:

"I have been greatly impressed with the fact that people have not so far realised the danger of shortage and are making no real effort to substitute other foods for bread or economic consumption."

Mr. F. Bell, in the Commons to-day, will ask the parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Food if it will be possible to furnish a medical of having one or two breadless days a week.

A Kingston firm of drapers announce that they have secured a consignment of 12,000lb. of potatoes, which they will offer on Friday next at the Food Controller's fixed price in 6lb. lots.

The order commanding the big flour mills takes effect to-day.

## QUEEN AND BULLFIGHTER

How Spanish Sovereign Comforted Wounded Boy in Hospital.

"Why did you do such a daring thing?" said Queen Victoria of Spain to a boy bullfighter named Fernandez, who was lying wounded at one of the Madrid city hospitals the other day.

"I love bullfighting and want to be a great torero," said the boy, "but perhaps my ambition will cost me my life."

The Queen comforted the boy with kind words which considerably cheered him.

## COMING TREVINTO BLOW

ROME, Saturday (Received yesterday).—The *Idea Nazionale* learns from Vicenza that the Austrians have resumed preparations for a great offensive against Trentino.—Exchange.

**Italian Communiqué.**—During the day of the 26th from the Garda, as far as the Brenta, there has been continuous aerial activity by enemy airmen. The communiqué also reports artillery activity on the Asiago Plateau, in the Gorizia zone and Northern Carso.

## FOE ON NAVAL RAID.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

On April 27 German marine forces carried out a raid against the Thames Estuary. Margate harbour also was bombarded. All our forces returned.

It may be remarked that the usual phrase "without damage" does not on this occasion appear in the communiqué.—Central News.

### PETAIN'S NEW POST.

PARIS, Sunday.—It is officially announced that General Petain has been appointed Chief of the General Staff at the Ministry of War.—Central News.

## RACING TO STOP.

War Cabinet's Intimation to the Jockey Club.

### SHORTAGE OF OATS.

As was foreshadowed in *The Daily Mirror* some days ago, racing ends with the "Guineas" meeting at Newmarket this week.

"The Stewards of the Jockey Club," states an official notice, "having received an intimation that the War Cabinet considers it undesirable that further racing should take place after the conclusion of the First Spring Meeting, have cancelled all 1917 fixtures, and that is all."

It had been hoped and believed that it would have been found possible to run off the Derby and Oaks and the September Stakes, the St. Leger substitute, at two single-day meetings later in the season at Newmarket, but the shortage of oats has rendered it impossible to keep horses in training.

## TINO TO AbdICATE?

Report That He Is To Yield Throne to His Son.

GENEVA, Sunday.—*The Journal de Genève* publishes a report that the King of Greece is believed to have decided to abdicate in favour of his son on the occasion of the festival of St. George, May 6 (old style).—Central News.

Two officers and ten non-commissioned officers of the Greek Army have recently arrived at the island of Cephalonia with the story (stated) "Received message from King of Greece of the King's desire to leave the Peloponnesus telling the hungry people that a German army will land in Greece to provision the country."

## BUDGET SECRETS.

Increased Tax on Tobacco and Excess Profits Prophesied.

The secrets of Mr. Bonar Law's first Budget are being jealously guarded.

Everybody is prepared for new taxes, but no novelties are expected. A new tax on tobacco is the most probable tip-off.

Extra revenue is required to meet the swelling interest on borrowings and to make good the deficiency from the sale of intoxicating drinks. It is thought that the duty on excess profits will be raised.

Out of a revenue of £573,000,000 last year nearly £140,000,000 came from the excess profits duty.

## CINEMA TRAGEDY.

Four Children Killed and Ten Injured in Mysterious Panic.

Four children were killed and ten injured in a panic which occurred at a matinee at Saturday afternoon at the Electric Palace, a cinema theatre in High street, Deptford, S.E., at which about a thousand little ones were present.

The cause of the panic is a mystery, for *The Daily Mirror* was told that there was no fire, explosion or accident of any kind.

Some children as they were leaving the cinema were shouting playfully, and it is believed that this attracted the passers-by in High-street. Presumably the older people were under the impression that something was amiss, for they pressed forward into the theatre entrance, meeting many of the children coming out.

One of the passers-by, a foolish person shouted "Fire!" and at once the cry was taken up and there was a general stampede.

Two little girls, Molly Ryan, aged four, and Sarah Johnson, aged nine, were suffocated, while two boys, Edward Turrell, seven, and Edward Webster, seven, were crushed to death. Ten other children were injured.

With the exception of one child, Arthur Ansley, whose condition is somewhat serious, all the injured were discharged from hospital yesterday.

## THE WAY FOR IRELAND

Lord Rothermere's Plan for Fermanagh and Tyrone.

### ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

A striking proposal for the settlement of the Irish problem was propounded by Lord Rothermere in yesterday's *Sunday Pictorial*.

In the semi-official negotiations held in the summer of 1914, writes Lord Rothermere, he laid a proposal before the leaders of both parties which would have disposed of the two disputed counties, viz., Tyrone and Fermanagh. He suggested that they should form a "little political state" outside both the south and the north of Ireland, the Government.

I suggested to Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond," he adds, "that while Home Rule was granted to Roman Catholic Ireland and an equal measure of autonomy to the four Protestant counties of Ulster—Londonderry, Antrim, Down and Armagh—the two neutral counties—Tyrone and Fermanagh—should be left outside both the south and the north of Ireland, the Government.

"I contended that the only possible way for the Nationalists and the Ulstermen to compose their differences was, for the time being, to leave Tyrone and Fermanagh as an enclave without representation in the Legislatures either at Dublin or Belfast.

"Temporarily they would continue to send the members of their constituencies to the Imperial Parliament, and would have the same relationship with that body as any two English counties, and might, in regard to law and administration, be under the direct control of the Imperial Government.

"That was the only possible means of escape from an impasse that then threatened to involve the Empire in a civil strife; it remains the only possible solution now."

**U.S. and Ireland.**—It is suggested, says an Exchange message from Washington, that Mr. Balfour's initial report will make it clear that President Wilson believes that a speedy solution of the Irish problem will be of the greatest aid in the advance for universal democracy.

One hundred and forty members of the House of Representatives have signed a cable to Mr. Lloyd George suggesting that the settlement of the Irish question is essential to world peace and speedy victory.

Sir Henry Dilzel, in the House of Commons to-day, will ask when the Premier proposes to announce the Government's plan.

## WHAT HINDENBURG SAW.

Watched Prussian Guards Fall Back Defeated Ten Times.

M. Andre Tudesq, the special correspondent at the British front, in *Journal of Saturday* (states the Exchange Paris correspondent) says that Hindenburg, in front of the British lines a week ago, saw with his own eyes his best troops driven from Vimy; his line hacked to pieces; his nearest defences crumpled; the British before Gavrelle hacked through the tanks and thousands of corpses; and the Prussian Guard ten times go to the assault of the village and ten times fall back decimated and defeated miserably. Then he went back conquered in advance.

## BIG WAGES DEMAND.

Request for 65 per Cent. Rise on Pre-War Rates.

The new Federation of Operatives in the Wool Trade, at a meeting at Braxton on Saturday, voted to make application for an increase of wages for all sections of workers to the extent of 65 per cent. on pre-war rates, the object being to raise wages to their value before the war. The application affects a quarter of a million workers.

Having failed to receive any response to their demand for the 6s. war rise granted to all other grades of Government workers, over 1,000 of the clerks in the Woolwich Arsenal and dockyard have decided to stop work from to-day, pending a satisfactory settlement.

## AIRMAN'S FATAL FALL NEAR HIS HOME.

Machine Aflame After Striking Parent's House.

## FATHER TO THE RESCUE.

Lieutenant Clark, of the Royal Flying Corps, while flying over Leigham Court-road, Streatham, yesterday, was forced to descend owing to engine trouble, and in doing so he collided with a tree.

The machine then crashed into the gable of a house, which caused the petrol tank to explode and burst into flames.

The aeroplane fell on to a garage, which was destroyed, and Lieutenant Clark received severe burns.

By a remarkable coincidence the house with which the machine collided was that of the airman's father, who rushed out and rescued his son from the burning wreck.

Both father and son were badly burned.

The pilot, who was taken to his own home in a critical condition, died last night from his injuries.

## IN RAVINE OF DEATH.

How British Took Bulgar Trenches Under Hail of Lead.

### FROM G. WARD PRICE.

DOIRAN FRONT, Wednesday (received yesterday).—The attack on the Bulgar positions along a three-mile front on the western side of Lake Doiran began after dark last night.

It was carried on under a heavy hail of lead over most difficult ground. More than 1,500 yards of the enemy's first system of trenches was occupied by our troops, who along the western part of the captured position advanced beyond it and dug themselves in on a new line on the other side of a ravine.

When the infantry in this sector went over their parapets they had first to clamber down the rocky sides, half of them hacked with bayonets to form walk-deep, the cased at the bottom and then to scale a steep slope on the other side with the Bulgars waiting for them in their trenches along the top.

As soon as the first wave of our men went over Bulgar trench mortars started dropping a barrage into that ravine which was absolutely devoid of its accuracy.

The Bulgars fought with fierce determination. "Come on, Johnny," they kept calling through the din to our soldiers struggling up the steep slope to reach the gaps in their wire.

This has been the hardest action on our front here.

**French Communiqué** (*Sunday*).—There was an intense fight on the whole front, especially in the region of Doiran and of Monastir, where an enemy battery seems to have been disabled.

In the Zovic zone the Russians repulsed an enemy detachment.

## "WE HOLD THE MASTERY."

### FROM W. BEACH THOMAS.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Saturday.—A day or two ago two of our fighting planes suddenly came on a fleet of fourteen aero planes.

The Germans had painted their machines every sort of colour, apparently to add terror to the spectacle. Some were scarlet, some picked out in fantastic patterns.

Our pair charged this motley group, broke up its formation and sent two to the ground.

We hold again dominance in the air. Whether we keep it depends first and foremost on the attacking factories at home.

Evidence accumulates of depression caused among the enemy's infantry by the activity of our airmen.

Here is a quotation from a Prussian officer's diary written on April 1:—

"The strain which the troops undergo is so great that moral suffers severely, with inevitable and regrettable consequences, and an increase of cases of absence without leave and refusal to obey orders, both trivial and serious."

## NEWS ITEMS.

### If You Hear Guns.

Anti-aircraft gun practice will be carried out in the vicinity of North London to-morrow at 9.45 p.m.

### New Munitions "Comb."

A new and more drastic scheme for "combing out" AI men in munitions works comes into force on May 7.

### Brazil To Be Neutral.

Brazil has issued a proclamation of neutrality and Guatemala has broken off relations with Germany, says Reuter.

### Wing Commander a Prisoner.

Last night's casualty lists announced that Wing Commander (Lieutenant-Colonel R.M.L.I.) Charles E. H. Rathbone, R.N., is a prisoner of war.

### Editor's Son Killed in Action.

It is announced that Second Lieutenant Edward Foster, son of the editor of the *Globe*, was killed in action on April 23.



Troops who took the palace at Tarskoye Selo dipping their flag on passing the grave of the revolutionaries in the palace grounds. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

# BRITISH SMASH BIG GERMAN ATTACK ON NEW GAINS

Berlin Talks of Our "Curtain of Steel, Dust, Gas and Smoke" and Charges.

## GERMANS ON AIR RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE.

Swiss Story That King Constantine May Abdicate—Fine French Raids in Upper Alsace.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

1.20 P.M.—During the night a strong enemy counter-attack upon our new positions north of Arleux-en-Gohelle was broken up by our fire.

Fighting continues at several places north of the River Scarpe.

Sir Douglas Haig reported that our new attack started on Saturday morning, and that we took Arleux and the enemy positions on a front of over two miles north and south of the village. Progress was made at other points. The enemy delivered many fierce counter-attacks, several hundred prisoners were taken, and there was heavy fighting in the region of Rœux and Oppy.

## FRENCH MAKE PROGRESS NORTH-WEST OF RHEIMS.

Enemy Attacks in Champagne Fail After Lively Artillery Duel.

### FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Sunday Afternoon.—Between the Soimie and the Oise there were intermittent artillery actions.

Attempted coups de main by the enemy in the regions of La Faucon and north of Arny-en-Loye failed under our fire.

There were patrol encounters and grenade fights in the sector of Craonne.

To the north-west of Rheims isolated operations by us in the region north and south of Courcy enabled us to enlarge appreciably our positions. We took 150 prisoners in these actions.

In Champagne, there was a somewhat lively artillery duel between Brimay and Auberive. German patrols against our small posts near Tahuze and Navarin were without result.

In Upper Alsace our detachments penetrated several points as far as the enemy's second line.

Lively grenade fighting ended to our advantage and cost the Germans losses. We brought back some prisoners.—Reuter.

Paris reported on Saturday that the French captures since April 1 included:

175 heavy field guns.

40 machine guns.

119 trench guns.

29,780 prisoners.

The total captures in the Franco-British offensive up to date, therefore, are 38,000 prisoners and 405 guns.

## WHAT HINDENBURG SAW ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

"He Came, He Saw, He Went Away Conquered."

PARIS, Sunday.—M. Andre Tudesq, special correspondent of the *Journal* at the British front, telegraphing to *l'Opinion*, says:—Hindenburg was here a week ago. There's a piece of news! He was in front of the British lines and he saw with his own eyes.

He saw his best troops driven from Vimy, which he thought to be impregnable. He saw his lines here hacked to pieces and there shaken, torn and indented by the fierce bite of the British guns.

He saw the nearest defences crumble before the ardent drive of a young and well-trained army, resolved to do its duty and use its opportunities to the end.

He was able to see the battlefield before Galleries heaped up with thousands and thousands of corpses. Ten times the Prussian Guards went to the assault of the village. The tenth time was last night. Ten times they fell back dismally and defeated.

He came, he saw, and he went away conquered in advance, bearing with him, in the worn folds of his great white cloak, the discoloured reflections of his failing prestige.—Exchange.

## FOE ON NAVAL RAID.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

On April 27 German marine forces carried out a raid against the Thames Estuary. Margate harbour also was bombarded. All our forces returned.

It may be remarked that the usual phrase "without damage" does not on this occasion appear in the communiqué.—Central News.

## "BATTLE RAGED WITH GREAT VIOLENCE."

"Curtains of Steel, Dust and Smoke" as Prelude to Fight.

### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless.)

Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—Very heavy drum fire, which commenced before the break of day on the whole front from Lens to Asse, was the prelude to the battle by which the British, for the third time, hoped to force the German lines near Arleux.

By midday the great battle was decided. It ended in the heavy defeat of the British. At dawn on a front of about thirty kilometres (about seventeen miles) wide British storming columns followed curtains of steel dust, gas, and smoke which had been advanced by the Germans.

### HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

The weight of the enemy thrust north of the Scarpe was directed against our positions from Achelle as far as Rœux, where the battle raged in extraordinary violence.

At Drocourt, the British drove into Arleux, Oppy and near Gavrelle and Rœux, which had been occupied by us as advanced positions.

There they were met by the counter-attack of our infantry in a hand-to-hand struggle. The enemy was defeated and at some points was driven beyond our former lines, the whole of which, with the exception of Arleux, are again in our hands.

South of the Scarpe Lowland a desperate battle also raged.

### WITHSTOOD THE BRITISH CHARGES.

In the wrecked positions our brave troops withstood the British charges.

Here also the British attacks failed.

On the wings of the battlefield enemy attacking wave broke down under our destructive fire. The British losses were extraordinarily heavy.

April 28 was a new day of honour for our infantry, which was powerfully led and excellently supported by its sister and auxiliary arms, which showed themselves fully equal to their tasks.

With the other armies on the western front and also on the Aisne and in the Champagne, as well as in the East and in the Balkans, the general position is unchanged.

## AUSTRIANS PREPARING BIG TRENTO BLOW.

"Italians Tired of Suspense and Would Welcome Battle."

ROME, Saturday (received yesterday).—The *Idée Nazionale* learns from Vicenza that the Austrians have resumed preparations for a great offensive against Trentino.

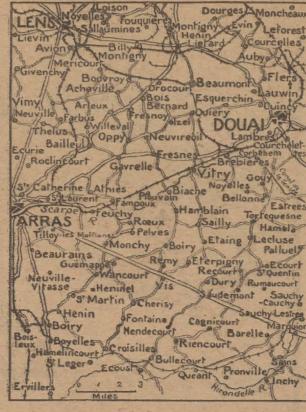
The Italian troops are ready, being tired of the war, and would welcome a battle, especially as the climatic conditions have become more favourable.—Exchange.

*Italian Communiqué*.—During the day of the 26th from the Garda, as far as the Brenta, there has been continuous aerial activity by enemy airmen.

The communiqué also reports artillery activity on the Asiago Plateau, in the Gorizia zone and Northern Carso.

## BRAZIL TO BE NEUTRAL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Saturday.—The Government has issued a proclamation of neutrality in the war between the United States and Germany.—Reuter.



## BATTLE IN "COCKPIT OF EUROPE."

Fierce Fight That Raged for "Oppy Line."

## TERRIFIC SHELLING.

FROM W. BEACH THOMAS.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.—From the eastern slope of Vimy Ridge I saw yesterday the whole field of our attack, especially at its centre and focus, the villages of Arleux and Oppy, and the plain at the edge of the "cockpit of Europe" was pencilled out in minute distinctness.

I saw Germans labouring up the slopes as prisoners, some running in groups from trench line to trench line, some gathering at the corner of a wood, some away to the right came forward in wave after wave in far separate lines, and away in the distance the horse transport was hauling ammunition for guns whose flashes here and there were clearly visible.

When we started from Arleux before sunrise a good part of the village existed in one shape.

Infantry seldom showed more courage and versatility than our troops attacking both here and at Oppy, whose church and wood are now almost as distinct to me as my native village.

### DASH OF TROOPS.

Over several reaches enemy finger-thick wire was not cut, and it is hard enough to cross under German wire if there is no one there to resist you. I have tried and failed on more than one extinct battlefield, but the dash of troops on both wings, when cutting work was better done, enabled the rest who had lain down in front of unbroken sections to leap forward again and, with rifle and garments but undiminished courage, to reach the German trench and once engage the defence.

Remember we were frontally attacking a trench system deliberately built and wired, known as the "Oppy line," the last regular system before the Drocourt-Queant line is reached.

The attack went with a rush; prisoners poured back and forth and "other material" poured forward, but news of the defeat reached the German gunners.

Southwards towards Oppy and the wood at its side—places yet tougher than Arleux—German officers, spying from a stone tower, were hit directly by one of our big shells and doubtless lie among the ruins.

Men came away most of the wood seemed to be in German hands, but we appeared to hold the church and the nearer half of the hamlet of Oppy. Some prisoners were still coming back at 5 p.m.

On returning I was able to verify a story so wild and barbaric that I was afraid to tell it before, but it is now vouchcd for by experienced officers who saw it at close quarters and others who were present concerned.

The story is this: A Bavarian battalion 700 strong drove back some of our men who were holding a captured trench. They came forward so blindly and keenly in pursuit that another of our regiments, great fighters from Lincolnshire, were able to cut them off.

### HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

In spite of the tumult of battle the news of the change in the situation was brought to the ears of our retreating party by the bellowing of many threats.

The Bavarians, who had been shouting their guttural noises, were drowned by a shriller note in Midland idiom. So these diminished companies of ours turned and faced the pursuers and a combat of men reduced to elemental savagery was begun.

Though all carried loaded rifles scarcely a man thought of shooting. Indeed this has happened not once but many times. The rifle was a thing with a point, or if reversed a thing with a very heavy end.

It was a spear or a club.

Many at last even threw away rifles and wrestled to make them even picked up flat stones, shouting war cries suitable to the Stone Age.

I am assured that not a Bavarian escaped, and very few surrendered.

In telling this tale of a fight that was just one small incident in battle I have suppressed details, not added them.

## TINO TO ABDICATE?

GENEVA, Sunday.—The *Journal de Genève* publishes a report that the King of Greece is believed to have decided to abdicate in favour of his son on the occasion of the festival of St. George, May 6 (old style).—Central News.

PARIS, Saturday.—News has reached here from Argostoli that a ship recently arrived at the island of Cephalonia with two officers and ten non-commissioned officers of the Greek Army, who described that emissaries of the King are touring the Peloponnesus, spreading terror among the hungry people.

Most of these emissaries are officers and they are circulating the story that the King has promised that a German army will land in Greece to provision the country. Reuter.

# WHITELEY'S

Inexpensive Afternoon  
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Special  
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**23/6**

New Dust Coat in Silk Tussore, the  
smart Collar finished with  
Black Moire Silk. **23/6**  
All sizes.

Latest  
Style  
**69/6**



Chiffon Taffeta Coat, Navy, Nigger, or  
Black, with becoming Collar  
and Skirt, finished rows of  
self stitching. Half lined  
**69/6**

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## FEEDING MOTHERLESS FOX CUBS.



Two boys who visit a wood near Worcester almost daily to feed these fox cubs, which have become quite tame. It is presumed that the vixen has been killed.

### BRAVE BOY SCOUT.



Colonel Blanchard (France) decorating Patrol Leader Lewis at Somerset House for exceptional bravery. Lewis received the Cornwall Badge, which is known as the boy scouts' V.C.

### AMONG THE MISSING.



2nd Lieut. Sydney Harryman (R.F.C.). Write to Mrs. Douse, 137, Broadhurst-gardens, London, N.W.  
Rfn. G. Young (K.R.R.C.). Write to Mrs. M. A. Young, at 41, Jamaica street, Stepney, London, E.

### FOR DISABLED BELGIANS.



Thomas Defeur, who helped to stem the German onrush in August, 1914, wearing the Belgian silver badge.

### IBSEN PLAY.



Miss Darragh, who plays the part of Mrs. Alving, the mother in Ibsen's "Ghosts," which was produced at the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday.

### IN "SUZETTE."



Miss Hallye Whatley, who is playing in "Suzette" at the Globe Theatre on Saturday.

### A REVIVAL.



Miss Rowena Jerome, daughter of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, to appear in the revival of her father's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

# Harrods

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A column of  
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HARRODS unequalled scale of buying means first choice in the very pick of the markets on best possible terms.

Harrods Bargain Floor reflects those immense advantages—nowhere can finer values be seen or secured.

### SUPER VALUE IN FOOTWEAR !

If you would make sure of a share in this amazing offer you must come early. No orders by post.

#### BOOTS SHOES

200 Pairs Ladies' Smart Styles. 200 Pairs Ladies' Newest Shapes.

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### The 'Helen'

### Dress Skirt

Black Taffeta Silk rich quality, with gold and oxidised new thread stitching. An ideal garment for the approaching season. Length 36in., waist 24 & 25in.; length 38in., waist 26, 28 & 30in. **22/-**

Also in Navy, Nigger & Botte, Postage 4d. extra. 5/- extra for special measures.

Many other styles in Rich Taffeta Skirts offered on our Bargain Floor.

### The 'Dora'

### Taffeta

### Silk Coat

Charming style neat collar and pretty frill at waist. Navy, Nigger, Black.

Three Sizes.

**45/-**



The dainty and economical Teas and Luncheons are a vastly popular feature among the Bargain Floor's many attractions.

To mark your  
Post Orders  
"Bargain  
Floor" saves delay.

**HARRODS Ltd LONDON SW.1**  
RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director

# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1917.

## HOW THEY ENCOURAGE THE HUN.

THE Hun is making the most of the submarine. It is his great source of consolation, in these days of his still further reduced bread ration. It calms him and soothes him as he thinks of to-morrow, the first of May; and, turning to those who throughout industrial Germany threaten strikes and delays, he shouts, in one breath, two things—

First: "Brutes that you are! How dare you strike. If you strike, we shall turn the guns on you!"

That is the familiar Prussian touch.

Then, this not unexpected shout is followed by: "Please, dear friends, don't strike. Hold on. We must win. Even if we starve first we must win in a few weeks."

Why?

Though Schopenhauer may have said that his own countrymen were the stupidest people in the world, still they are not so stupid as continually to believe lies; and they now more than ever want to be told *why* they must win—and when.

From their newspapers comes the answer. The *Kölner Volkszeitung* gives it them in a great shout. Why must they win? Because Hindenburg says they must:

Hindenburg has already assured us of victory if we but keep our nerve.

That will be enough, this week, for papa, mamma and the children; hating their morning hate in Berlin.

Will it be enough for the bread-reduced German workman?

If it is not, the German official Press has another stimulus for him. What? Why the Kaiser:

The Kaiser has pledged his word that peace is on the way.

True, he pledged his word in 1914—pledged it for the autumn of that year. And, true also, his phrase is ambiguous. Peace is always on its way. So is Doomsday. The German workman still doubts.

What, then, next will the German Press provide? One other Prussian hero or magistrate—Gott, Herrgott, "our German God":

Our Herrgott was ever in the world's history on the side of those who did right and fought for a righteous cause. Our Herrgott must be on the side of the German people, too. We must prove victorious, if we do not lose our nerve, but hold our heads high.

These, then, are the three German hopes—Hindenburg first, Kaiser next; then, failing both, Herrgott.

And we, for our part, may add U boats and the Russian revolution.

So, beyond the Rhine, they stumble on with less bread, and more strikes. It is good from time to time, to note how they proceed; what they are being told; and to wonder how far they believe the message from on high.

W. M.

## SONG.

A sunny shaft did I behold,  
From sky to earth it slanted:  
And poised therein a bird so bold—  
Sweet bird, thou art indeed!  
Hark! hark! he babbled, he trilled  
Within that shaft of sunny mist;  
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold;  
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! Adieu!  
Love's dreams prove seldom true.  
The birds they make no delay;  
The sparkling flocks will not stay.

Sweet month of May.

We must away:

Fare, far away!

To-day! to-day!"

S. T. COLEBRIDGE.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call the one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.—*Baskin.*

## MY VISIT TO THE WINDSOR OF RUSSIA.

### WHERE THE DETHRONED TSAR LIVES WITH HIS FAMILY.

By GEORGE H. MEWES  
(Our Staff Photographer with the Russian Armies.)

TSARSKOYE Selo (or Imperial village), as the Windsor of Russia was called before the revolution, is about half an hour's train journey from Petrograd.

The numerous country houses, with flower gardens and the clean streets, with their rows of shops, give Tsarskoye the appearance of a small town in Surrey.

Outside the town hall a meeting is being held. Soldiers and workmen address the crowd from the balcony, and cheers are asked for the Republic. A procession is

taken into the Palace. When using my camera I invariably have the necessary permit to do so, but the Russian soldier takes no chances. A piece of paper means nothing to him. He cannot read. It is only the word of his officer that counts. From experience I find that to be arrested is the easiest way of getting all you require. Certainly you reach the man at the top, and beyond giving the crowd who mutter Nemetski Spion (German spy) some amusement one undergoes no discomforts at the hands of the Russians, for they are most kind.

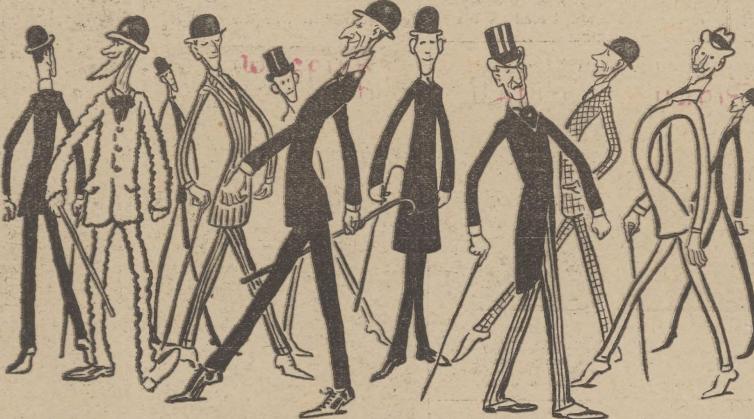
### IN THE PALACE.

In the Palace I was taken to the offices of the day, who happened to be Prince Gagarine, an acquaintance of mine.

He had just returned from a walk with the Emperor. "Gospodar Nicholas walks morning and afternoon," said the Prince. "This afternoon we spent nearly an hour

## THE DAY FOR THE THIN MAN.

THE THIN MAN IN THESE DAYS STRUTS ABOUT WITH AN AIR OF VIRTUOUS PRIDE



THE UNFORTUNATE FAT MAN (THOUGH HE OFTEN EATS FAR LESS THAN HIS LEAN BROTHER) SLINKS ABOUT APOLOGETICALLY



Fat people have a guilty feeling now. It looks as though they ate too much!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

afterwards formed of soldiers, carrying red flags and banners with inscriptions, "Free Russia," "Long live the Republic," and "War until victory." Headed by a band, they march round the town.

In the New Palace, within hearing of the band, is the dethroned Emperor Nicholas and his family, the younger members of which are ill in bed. Truly, a house of sorrow! I am told that the children were unaware of the revolution until the arrest of the Emperor and Empress. There are in all 205 people under arrest in the Palace, including the servants, none of whom are allowed to leave.

Outside the Palace, although the guards have been doubled, the passer-by sees nothing unusual. People are forbidden to use the Palace side of the road.

I had no difficulty, as I was immediately arrested for photographing the main gate,

shovelling snow. Before the revolution this was his favourite recreation." During the winter of 1916 the late Emperor and his daughters built a big snow and ice palace in the grounds of Tsarskoye Selo. "It helps me to forget my troubles," remarked the Emperor.

Within one hundred yards of the apartments occupied by the dethroned monarchs soldiers are hurriedly digging a grave.

To-morrow the men killed at Tsarskoye during the revolution are to be buried in the garden facing the Palace. Thousands of peasants and soldiers will file past the grave, the bands will play the "Marseillaise," and the Imperial prisoners will be able (if they wish) to view the ceremony from their windows.

As I left the Palace Mr. Kerensky, the Minister of Justice, drove up. He seems the most energetic of all the new Ministers. He is responsible for the safety of the prisoners in the

## CHURCH AND PRESS.

### THE INFLUENCE OF BOTH IN TIME OF NATIONAL CRISIS.

#### A DEFENCE.

ENGLAND would have been in a miserable plight for lack of history were it not for the chantry priests and monastery men who were the journalists, chroniclers and editors in the past.

When the printing press arrived, the Church narrowed its teaching to the public and platform. Church and Press are friendly powers nowadays, and your pictures show a Bishop dedicating a memorial cross and a priest unrolling a schoolmaster's roll of honour.

I do not think that prayers for the heroes whose lifeblood was a tyrant's fate are overlooked in week-day or Sunday worship in village church or stately cathedral.

Where it is so, it is due to want of thought, not want of heart. The parsons of England have sent their best in diminished numbers to the front. After all, the clergy are very accessible creatures. Tell them of omissions. This week we have welcomed in our elementary schools (boys), as full-time assistant teacher, a curate to do his bit; and you photo another parson at chinnery-sweeping.

ANGLICANUS.

#### PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

THE writer of the paper "Church and Press in Time of War" has been very unfortunate in her experience of Church services in this time of war.

In our parish church we have daily and weekly reminders of both those Englishmen those suffering from the war and those who have already laid down their lives for us.

At the early celebration on Sunday, before the prayer for the Church Militant, we have read out to us a long list of those to whom we are especially to pray—soldiers, sailors, suffering, bereaved, wounded, wives, doctors, etc.

At the service of Matins we have the prayer in time of war and several suffrages inserted in the Litany of the same sort.

Even after the sermon we also have a detailed service of intercession, with mention of the departed.

This service goes on in all the surrounding parishes, so it is erroneous because one church comes behind in its duty. In large towns like Bristol, I can assure you with usual fairness you will insert this letter showing the other side of the shield.

(Mrs.) RANDALL VICKERS,  
Cedar Hall, Frenchay,  
Bristol.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 29—Maincrop carrots may be sown this week. In small gardens peas are often grown too close together; the distance between the rows should be equal to the height to which they will grow. Or the rows may be set far enough apart to allow of vegetables to be grown between.

Sow in broad, flat-bottomed drills and scatter the seed evenly.

Also sow maincrop carrots this week. E. F. T.

Palace. He has come to take Mme. Vyronoff, the lady-in-waiting to the ex-Empress, to the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Passing through the commandant's quarters he paused several times to shake hands with the soldiers. His greeting, "Zdravst-voe-i-tiyai Tararish" ("Good day, friend") seemed to delight the soldiers.

Customs have indeed changed in Russia. Before I left Tsarskoye Selo I took tea at a table at which sat a colonel, captain, commandant and four soldier deputies. We called each other "Tavarish" (friend), and were on the best of terms. Outside the palace the isovshik (cabman) hailed me with "Tavarish." The servants at my hotel greet me with "Prasnik Tavarish," which is a reminder that it is Easter, the time when presents are given. In time "Tavarish" (pronounced Ta-war-ish) will become as popular as "Nichavo."

## CANADIANS COME TO THE RESCUE.



Pushing a lorry which got stuck on a shell-battered road on Vimy Ridge.—(Canadian War Records.)

## HEROES OF THE DESTROYER ACTION.



Signaller Walter Hawkes, killed in action.

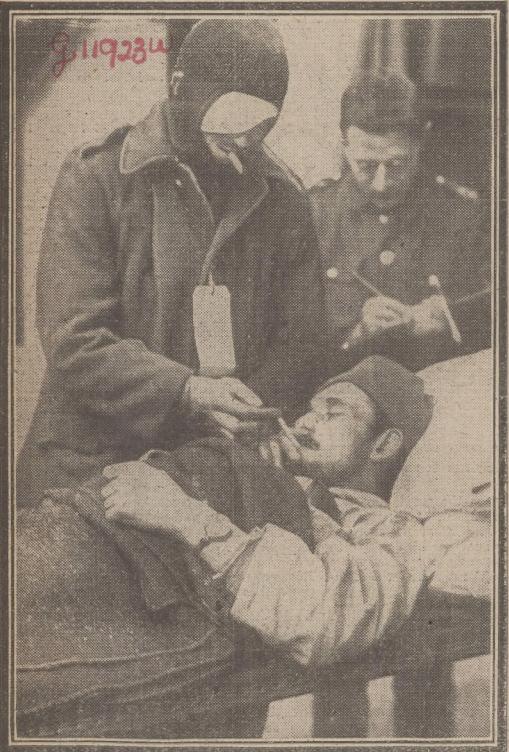


Engine-room Artificer Frank Morris (H.M.S. "Bittern"), who was killed in action.



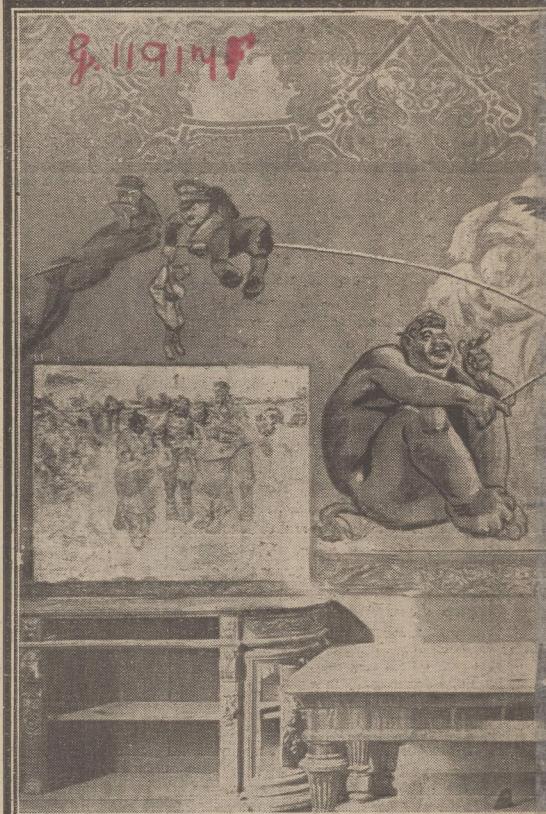
P.O. Stoker Lawson (H.M.S. "Bittern"), who was wounded in action.

## HIS GREATEST NEED AT THE MOMENT.



A soldier who lost an eye in the great battle of Arras stops on his way to the ward to give a light to a wounded comrade who is being carried into the building on a stretcher.

## THE BOCHE PAINTS HIM



The Boche, to judge by these drawings, which "decorated" the walls of the town hall of Lusoy (Oise), knows himself to be a beast. The centre figure represent Germany—monsters with pointed ears and club feet. Each figure is signed "P1941".

## SPRINGTIME ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



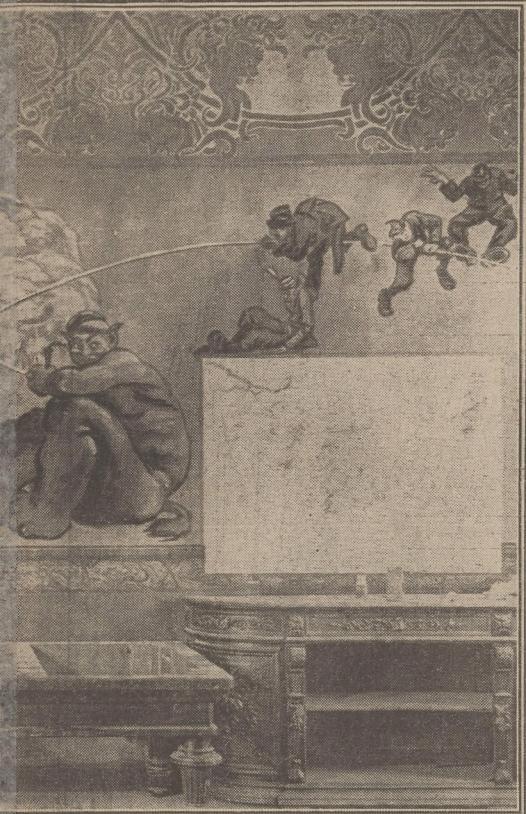
A Canadian soldier finds his tent and home under water.—(Canadian War Records.)

RUSSIA

P19468

Beautiful  
the Russ  
Grafton  
French w  
in

## IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.



Peacock feather, on the end of which dangle the Allies. The background represents flame and smoke, with what is supposed to be a Scottish soldier, wearing a kilt, in the centre.—(French official photograph.)

ESS.

## A CHURCH BUILT AMID THE SAND DUNES.

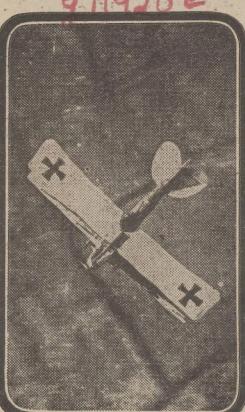


Queen Elizabeth leaving after attending service on the Belgian coast.—(Belgian official photograph.)

## QUESTIONING HIS "THIRTY-SIXTH."



Guyemer questioning an enemy airman, whom he forced to descend. The German, who was the famous Frenchman's thirty-sixth victim, is about to be driven away in the motor-car—a prisoner of war.



The machine making a flight.

## IRISH FAMILY'S FINE WAR RECORD.



Leading Stoker Daniel Brian (H.M.S. Broke), who was killed, was on the Glasgow in the Falkland Islands action. His father, Timothy Brian, has been wounded once and his brother twice.

## THREE PRETTY LITTLE BRIDESMAIDS.



Mr. W. B. Thomson, Political Service, Nigeria, and his bride (Miss Julia Robertson) leaving St. Columba's Church, Pont-street. Two of the little bridesmaids are cousins of the bridegroom.

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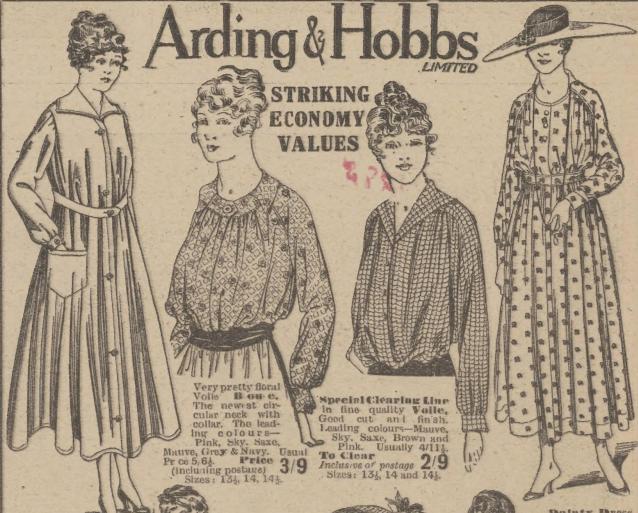
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Photos  
Ratto sea 4.

# IN A GILDED CAGE

By MARK ALLERTON



Frank Bettison.

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**PEGGY LORRAINE**, a charming girl who has loved Frank Bettison for years, since she was a child.

**FRANK BETTISON**, a strong young man who goes abroad to make a fortune for Peggy.

**CLOVE HARLOWE**, Frank's friend. He also loves Peggy, and he gets her to promise to marry him, knowing that Frank has returned.

**FRANK BETTISON** returns to England to claim Peggy Lorraine, the girl he loves.

Directly he arrives Frank communicates with his old friend, Clive Harlowe. Frank tells him that the thought of Peggy has kept him straight all the time: "What is her other name?"

"Lorraine," says Frank. "Peggy Lorraine! The dearest little girl that was ever born. Do you know her, Clive?"

Clive hesitates. "Yes," he admits, "I know her!"

"Tell me everything you can," cries Frank enthusiastically.

But Clive says that he knows very little. He conceals the fact that he wants to marry Peggy, although for a long time he has been pressing a proposal.

He leaves abruptly and goes straight to Peggy. If you must make your mind up, I shall be content to wait, but I can't bear this uncertainty."

Peggy promises to write to him at once.

Peggy writes to Clive. She tells him that she will return to him, and that she will try to be very good to him.

She goes out to post the letter.

On her return the maid tells her that a gentleman had called to see her. He was not given a name—his visit was to be a surprise.

Full of forebodings, Peggy goes towards the drawing-room. Before she reaches it, the door is thrown open. Frank Bettison stands there.

Dazed and overwhelmed, Peggy goes into the drawing-room.

Frank is enthusiastic. He is delighted to be back.

"Have you written?" he asks. Peggy. "You have written our traps? Have you forgotten one thing in particular?"

"I forgot," replies Peggy.

Frank is dislodged. He cannot understand, and when Peggy reproaches him for having stayed away so long he feels that she is right.

He leaves her. Then he makes up his mind that he will never again leave her.

Peggy realises that she has made a mistake, but she is determined to carry out her promise.

Perhaps, she thinks, Clive has not received her letter.

In the hope of being able to intercept it, she goes to Clive's room very early in the morning.

Clive is having breakfast when Peggy is announced.

Peggy tells Harlowe that she feels she has made a mistake. He taunts her, and offers to release her.

He hands Peggy her letter, and she takes it.

Back to Frank Bettison he is announced. Peggy returns the letter hurriedly to Clive.

Frank is surprised to find Peggy with Clive Harlowe. She says that she has come to ask his advice.

Peggy asks the two men together for an explanation of Peggy's presence. Clive at first refuses to speak, but Frank tells him that he must know the truth.

Clive says he is engaged to Peggy, and he explains that he could not tell Frank before, as he had not Peggy's permission to do so.

Frank apologises, and the two men shake hands.

A look of triumph comes into Clive's eyes.

Harlowe turns Frank, and he wants to get rid of him.

Frank has an interview with his solicitors about the alliance he has been making to Peggy through her aunt.

He hears a man mention Harlowe's name disparagingly. He has been thinking about going away, but he decides to stay on for a time, in order to look after Peggy.

## BARRIERS BETWEEN.

**CLOIVE HARLOWE** had arranged a theatre party at his last moment. Aunt Gwen had planned a ticked headache, and had sent Peggy and Clive off by themselves. When she was alone Aunt Gwen put on a soft wrap and sat down by the drawing-room fire to think things out.

Recent events had stirred depths in Aunt Gwen's nature which long endeavours had allowed to remain disturbed. She argued thus: "It is not so much as girls grow old as always miserably poor. I never went anywhere, never had any of the opportunities that other girls had. Now that I am middle-aged and enjoying at least a competency I mean to go in search of my youth."

She was blaming herself fiercely. But youth is wayward and elusive and cannot be recaptured at will. In spite of her gallant fight, Aunt Gwen was forced to turn to a tragic realisation of the hopelessness of her struggle. Such a realisation had come at this moment.

She was blushing herself fiercely.

"Nothing ever seems to go right with me," she was saying to the flaming coal. "I try to order my own life on my own plan and it goes all wrong. Now that I have tried to order Peggy, it looks as though I had spoilt it too. And I did mean to do the best I could for Peggy."

She knew now the reason of her failure. It had been the clash of middle age and youth. Not all the endeavours of Aunt Gwen could bridge the gulf of years, and the very fact that she so passionately sought to bridge this gulf raised another barrier between her and Peggy. Each was fond of the other, yet neither could understand each other. It was inevitable and it was tragic.

And now Aunt Gwen saw Peggy unwonted

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

pale, with a half-frightened look in her blue eyes, and with all her zest for life and living gone out of her.

Aunt Gwen knew the reason, knew that she was more than half to blame. And the other half of the blame was Frank's. How was she to be certain that Frank would come back after all? Really certain, she meant. Nothing less than certainty would have satisfied her in advising Peggy to have him waiting.

In the firelight an old scene visualised itself before her eyes—the queer little house in Chelsea where she had lived with Peggy and Peggy's father, the big, broad-shouldered boy whom Peggy's father loved, and Peggy, too, the afternoon when she had watched Peggy and the boy together, and had thought, with a sharp pain at her heart, how very sweet was the dawn of love.

Peggy's words came back to her.

"On day I'm going to marry Frank, Auntie Gwen," Peggy had said, with strange gravity. "He's going away, but he's promised to come back as soon as he can, and then we'll get married, and you'll live with us. It's all arranged."

She had laughed then, a quick, dashing laugh that was all the while because Aunt Gwen had just meant to get married "next year," only the man had gone away and had never come back, so that, as the years passed, she had come to think that history was repeating itself.

Then, with dramatic suddenness, Frank had come back. Aunt Gwen remembered every detail of that evening when she had come home to find Peggy, the pathetically tragic figure, who

"Frank's back. He's been here."

Peggy had said no more, but Aunt Gwen could guess the rest. Tumultuous happenings had followed. Peggy had gone out very next morning. When she arrived back at lunch time she was strangely silent.

The gulf between her and Peggy yawned wider than ever. It kept on, revealing the secrets of her heart. Peggy had suddenly become secretive. She no longer spoke of Frank and but little of Clive. Sometimes Aunt Gwen wondered if she exaggerated Peggy's plight; and if Peggy had, in fact, come to love Clive instead of Frank, or whether her strangeness of manner might not, indeed, be because of her pity for Frank.

She knew that very evening she had watched Peggy and Clive together, and had been quick to note the girl's entire lack of responsiveness. She was quick enough to note in Clive's wishes, but there was no enthusiasm. Sometimes she seemed to make an effort to rouse herself, to take a real interest in his suggestions. The effort was invariably徒劳的.

"I'm sure I do love him," Aunt Gwen decided. "I'm positive of it." Then why did she agree to marry him? Peggy's not the sort of girl who wants to get married for marriage's sake. I do believe"—and Aunt Gwen clasped her hands before her—"I do believe it's all my doing. I've kept on forcing Clive upon her, and this is the result. What is to be done?"

Aunt Gwen took up a book, glanced at it, and cast it aside.

"Men are a nuisance!" she was thinking.

"Peggy and I could have been happy if it hadn't been for either Clive or Frank. It's always been the same. It always will be the same. Why can't people wait until they are old and sensible before they fall in love? Fall in love! What nonsense!"

Aunt Gwen shaded her eyes with her hands and watched the leaping flames. She was thinking what a tremendous influence is that of love and how even more tremendous it is when it flies away."

"Peggy mustn't suffer," she breathed aloud. "Whatever happens, Peggy mustn't suffer. I promised to take care of her. And this is how I'm fulfilling it. What a mess I've made of things!"

On a piano in the flat above someone began hammering out a ragtime. Outside a taxicab came to a halt with a great jarring of breaks. From a distance came the hollow whistling of the District Railway trains and the faint hooting of motor omnibuses.

Aunt Gwen drew her wrap about her. She fell to thinking. She and Peggy were getting old, and if they were glad because she had left them alone, as they ought to be.

There was a sharp ring at the door bell. Aunt Gwen heard the maid open the door, and a deep voice said:

"Is Miss Roland or Miss Lorraine at home?"

"It was Frank!"

## FRIEND OR FOE?

**MISS ROLAND** welcomed Frank effusively.

She helped him to take off his overcoat, dragging a chair to the fire for him, and herself providing him with cigarettes.

"What a great, big woman you have grown!" she cried, when she had exhausted her efforts at hospitality. "And handsome, too, if one who is old enough to be your mother may say so. But incorrigible—absolutely. Why on earth, boy, didn't you write to us?"

"Age is nothing," said Frank. "We didn't know if you were alive or dead. It is good to see you again. You are like your father, Frank—very like. I do hope you are going to make London your home now. Are you?"

She talked incessantly, plying him with questions and scarcely waiting for his answers. Bettison got the idea that she was talking so, that he might not. There was more than a trace of nervousness in her manner.

"I'll pegged out!" he asked when the opportunity came.

"Yes. Isn't it a pity? She'll be so disappointed when she hears you've been here. Peggy is quite a busy young person now with her

painting. Have you seen any of her miniatures? I have one or two here."

She prattled on, showing him a few specimens of Peggy's beautiful work.

"She makes quite a nice little income out of them," Aunt Gwen explained, "and we find it very useful. I can assure you. But we have a lot to be thankful for compared to the old days when we are poor, friends like you, one of Peggy's father's friends left me some money—the interest, at any rate. Isn't it splendid?"

"Splendid!" agreed Frank Bettison, without enthusiasm. "Then he blurted out:

"I suppose she'll give up this painting when she gets married?"

Aunt Gwen's breath came more rapidly, but her voice was as gay as ever.

"So you've heard about her engagement?" she cried. "But, of course, I was forgetting that Clive Harlowe is your friend! He's a dear, isn't he?"

"Aunt Gwen leaned forward to poke the fire vigorously.

"I'm sure they will be very happy together, full of course."

"They ought to be very happy," said Frank slowly. "Clive is one of the very best, and Peggy slowly.

"He broke off.

Aunt Gwen was suddenly silent, bending over the fire. And then the poker fell from her fingers with a crash. She turned to Frank Bettison with an appealing gesture.

"Oh, what can you be thinking of me, my boy?"

Frank turned to her slowly.

"Thinking of you?" he repeated.

"Frank—" she laid her hand on his knee.

"I know why you've come back. I know why you are here now. You are here because you can't stay away. You want Peggy. Is that it?"

"And not night, Frank?"

"Not night, Frank!" he cried hoarsely.

"And I've helped to take her away from you!

Yes, I don't spare me, Frank. You cannot blame me more than I blame myself. But why didn't you write? Why didn't you write?" Her voice became shrill with excitement.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said daily. "But you've nothing to blame yourself for. You've been a good boy after his girl deserves to lose her. Clive has beaten me, and no wonder. But I'm thankful he's such a good chap, such a thundering good chap."

"You are fond of him?"

"He is my friend," replied Frank simply.

"And—any—you've given in?"

Frank's eyes narrowed. "Naturally," he snapped.

Aunt Gwen drew in a long, quivering sigh.

"I blame myself," she said slowly. "You ought to know why. I brought Clive here. I

threw him in Peggy's company as much as I could. I made this match. I thought it was for the best. If only you'd written!"

"Heavens, if only you'd written!"

"Do you mean—Frank Bettison I eat forward suddenly; his gaze

was a lame's threatening in its

directness—do you mean that if I'd written

Peggy would have been mine?"

"Do you know what you are saying?" he cried harshly. "That means that Peggy still cares. She didn't forget me, then? Is that what you mean? Tell me—I must know. Do you think that Peggy still cares?"

Aunt Gwen leant forward with an expressive gesture of helplessness.

"I can't tell you," she replied. "I don't know. I don't know. Some day I think she does. I don't know. We were talking of you the other evening. I told her then that you'd never come back. I had good reason to think that. There was another man—once—who never came back. And I—"

"Wait," Frank Bettison sat erect. He stretched out his hand and laid it imperiously on the woman's arm. "You told her the other evening that I should never come back. What made you say that? What were you talking about?"

"You of course. You see, Clive had been here when I was out, and I guessed the object of his visit and—"

"One moment. Was Peggy engaged to Clive then?"

"No; you see—"

"What night was that?" demanded Frank, in a perplexed voice.

"I can't think. Monday. Yes; Monday."

"Last Monday."

Frank Bettison held his hand over his mouth.

It was a characteristic gesture of his when he was thinking hard.

"I got back on Monday," he murmured. "I was on Monday night I came here to see Peggy Miss Roland. I don't quite understand."

You must be mistaken. Surely it wasn't on Monday night that Clive Harlowe called here?

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

**Don't Miss these Two Special Costume Offers at**

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**TO-DAY and during the Week**



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## THE EARLY SUMMER SILHOUETTE.

Fashion That Will Be Popular with the Tall and Slender.

WHEN it was first announced that the newest frocks were to be of the "barrel" persuasion, we were alarmed, and not a little horrified! However, in spite of expostulations and adverse criticism, the jupon-manteau or barrel skirt is fast, and really some versions of it are quite pleasing. Of course, the more extreme lines will be avoided by the majority, but most women, particularly the tall and slender type, will eagerly welcome the graceful draperies, and appreciate the quaint devices and ingenious methods the dressmakers employ gradually to educate our taste in the direction of the new silhouette.

"CHEMISE" frocks are still with us. We refuse to turn such simple, practical garments out of our wardrobes without a struggle. Pleats there are in plenty on these demure little gowns, and in some the sleeves grow shorter. Embroidery is still allowed to give an alluring touch of colour.

AS to materials, foulard will be used a great deal for frocks when the weather gets really warmer. Crêpe-de-Chine and silk jerseys are still very much in favour. Two-material and two-colour frocks have found a warm place in our hearts. Serge appears with satin, crêpe-méton, mouseline or voile dé-laine. Satin is combined with minon, foulard or tussore and jersey cloth sometimes allies itself with taffetas.

White broadcloth skilfully drapes over black satin to give a "barrel" effect.



### SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

**LONDON COMBINATION**—Arsenal (h) 4, Crystal Palace 0; Luton (h) 6, Brentford (h); West Ham (h) 5; Portsmouth 2; Queen's Park Rangers (h) 0; Middlesbrough 1; Huddersfield 1; Birmingham 1; Aston Villa 0; Shrewsbury Orient (h) 0; Chelsea 6; Watford (h) 3.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE**—Airdrie (h) 0; Falkirk 0; Dundee (h) 2; Raithorpe 0; St. Mirren 0; Motherwell 0; Morton (h) 2; Ayr United 0; Queen's Park (h) 1; Hearts 1; St. Mirren (h) 0; Dunfermline (h) 0; Third Lanark (h) 2; Partick Thistle 0.

**MIDLAND SECTION**—Chief Competition—Birmingham (h) 1; Lincoln City 0; Bradford (h) 1; Chester Wanderers (h) 1; Liverpool 0. Subsidiary Competition—Bolton Wanderers (h) 1; Sunderland 0; Coventry City; Manchester United 2; Derby County 1; Port Vale 0.

**CLUB MATCHES**—Birmingham (h) 4; Preston North End 2; Walsall 1; Notts County 1; Rotherham; Bristol Rovers (h) 0; Bristol City 0; Headquarters R.G.A. (Walham Abbey) 4; Anti-Aircraft Section R.G.A. (Chingford) (h) 1.

**INTERNATIONAL RULES**—South Wales 2; Australia 3 (one Cardiff).

**NORTHERN UNION**—Warrington (h) 1; Egremont 0; Ashton-under-Lyne 1; Stockport 1; Bury 1; Broughton Rangers 5; Dewsbury (h) 10; Barley 2; Leeds (h) 17; Oldham 2; Hull (h) 22; Bradford 7.

### TO-DAY'S BOXING.

At the Ring this afternoon Mike Honerman (of Canning Town) and his mount Tommy Mack (late East Surrey Regiments) fifteen rounds.

Two Welshmen, Francis Rossi and Lewis Williams, in fifteen rounds, furnish the principal attraction at the Newmarket boxing meeting.

Gordon Sims and Nick Burge, fifteen rounds, top the bill at the Holborn Stadium matinee.

### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI**, New Musical Comedy. **HIGH JINKS.** Tonight, at 8 p.m., Sat., Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., W. H. BEERS, NELLIE TAYLOR, Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645 and 8886 Ger.

**AMBERLEY**.—To-night, at 7.45 (8.15). **THE SPANISH ROSE**. Tel., 2830. Charles B. Compton. Price, 15/-.

**APOLLO**. (Ger. 3243). **DUPLICITY**. New Farce by Laurence Cowen, FREDERIC BENTLEY.

**CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON** IN ENGLISH at the ROYAL CARL ROSA THEATRE, Tales of Hoffmann, Thurs., Eve, at 2; Carmen, Fri., at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Sat., Mat., at 2; FAUST, Sun., Mat., at 2; The Merry Widow, Tues., Mat., at 2; COMEDY, (Sherby), **BUBBLY**!, Andre Charlot's new Musical Entertainment, with Arthur Playfair.

**CAUCUS**. The Celebrated Farce, evenings, at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

"A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF,"

Fri., Sat., Oct. 19, at 8.30. **MERRILY,**

**DAVY**, At 8.30. **THE MID OF THE MOUNTAINS**,

The GEORGE ADDES Production. Josie Collins, Mabel Seddon, Lauri Pearce, Jack Lester, Phoebe Bates, Winnie and Matilda.

**DRURY LANE** (GER. 2688). **TWICE DAILY**, 2.30 and 8. S. DRURY LANE CO. Ltd. Tel., 2830. **THE CHARMER**, Evening, at 8.30. Received Scale, 24, 8d to 8s, including tax.

**DUKE OF YORK'S** **LONG-LEGS**.

Rene Kelly, C. Andrey Smith, etc. Sat., 8.30.

**HAYMARKET**.—At 8.30. **GENERAL POST**.

Madge Titheradge, Lillian Brathwaite, George Tully, Norman and Harry Pilcher, with Stanley Lupino, etc.

**NEW THEATRE**.—At 8.30. **ROMANCE**.

And Harry Pilcher, with Stanley Lupino, etc.

**QUEEN'S**.—At 8.30. **EVERY EVENING**, at 8.

A. Macmillan, etc. Sat., 8.30.

**MATINEES**, Every Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.15.

**KINGSWAY**.—**HENRY IBSEN'S** **HOSTS**.

John Gielgud, with John Gielgud, at 8.30.

**MATINEES**, WEBS, and SATS., 2.30. Tel., Ger. 4032.

**LYCEUM**.—Seven Days' Leave. Entirely New Play by Peter H. Hains, produced by Walter and Frederick Melville, slightly abridged. Wed., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30. Prices, 5s to 6d. Extra Doors Open and Galleries.

**LYCEUM**.—DORIS KEADY'S ROMANCE.

Owen Naughton, Eric Hulme, etc. Sat., 8.30.

**NEW THEATRE**.—Shows Her Majesty's Comedy.

WURZEL-FLUMMERY, by A. A. Milne. IRENE VANBRUGH AND SEVEN WOMEN, by J. M. Barrie.

Evenings, at 8.30. Mats., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

**QUEEN'S**.—To-night, at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

John Gielgud, with Stanley Lupino, etc.

**FORBES-ROBERTSON** and Company from the Playhouse.



### SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

G. M. Butler (Harrow) was the hero of the Public Schools Championships Meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday. He won the 100 yards, 10.45s.; the 440 yards, 45.3s.; the 220 yards, 22.4s.; the 400 yards, 54.6s.; and was first in the 880 yards, 2m. 9.45s., and the mile, 4m. 55s. A. B. Philip (Harrow) secured the 120 yards hurdles in 1m. 10.6s.; the 110 yards high jump, 5ft. 7in.; and the high jump, and T. J. Pitman (Eton) won the three-quarter-mile steeplechase in 4m. 52.45s.

Harrow won the championship, with Eton second and Merton third.

Inns of Court (O.T.C.) beat the Artists' Rifles in a three-mile relay race, Sergeant P. Scott (Inns of Court) being first home.

### PENKIRN PARK RACING RETURNS.

3.0.—Liffey Plate. 1m.—Senator (5-1, R. Crip), 1; See (5-2), 2; Hall Castle (3-1), 3. 6 ran. 4.—Cup. 1m.—Clyde (5-1, G. Feane), 1; Tonga (4-1), 2; Right Line (11-4), 3. 11 ran.

4.0.—Greer Plate. 5f.—Imperial (5-1, Joe Canty), 1; Longline (5-1, G. Feane), 2; Imperial (5-1, G. Feane), 3. 4.30.—Weight-for-Plate. 5f.—Orb (Miss Clift), 1 (2-0, M. Bear), 1; Orlass (6-4), 2; Spring Daisy (5-4), 3.

5.0.—Farmleigh Plate. 5f.—Southern Joy (7-2, M. Bear), 1; Longline (10-8), 2; Caughnawaga (7-2), 3. 6 ran.

6.0.—Preston Plate. 5f.—H. Rose Queen (evens, Mr. W. J. Parkinson), 1; Waving Queen (20-1), 2; Sea Cock (5-4), 3. 6 ran.

At the Ring on Saturday night in a fifteen rounds contest, Seaman T. Clark beat Air Mechanic Jim Prondy on points.

A. P. Day (49), L. J. Phillips (51) and R. H. Day (76) were third rounders for the Artists' Rifles at Kensington Oval on Saturday, when the rifles totalled 261 to 127 by the Public Schools.

### ROYAL PARK RACING RETURNS.

3.0.—Liffey Plate. 1m.—Senator (5-1, R. Crip), 1; See (5-2), 2; Hall Castle (3-1), 3. 6 ran. 4.—Cup. 1m.—Clyde (5-1, G. Feane), 1; Tonga (4-1), 2; Right Line (11-4), 3. 11 ran.

4.0.—Greer Plate. 5f.—Imperial (5-1, Joe Canty), 1; Longline (5-1, G. Feane), 2; Imperial (5-1, G. Feane), 3. 4.30.—Weight-for-Plate. 5f.—Orb (Miss Clift), 1 (2-0, M. Bear), 1; Orlass (6-4), 2; Spring Daisy (5-4), 3.

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SEND THE "OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR" TO FRIENDS ABROAD



A soldier addressing the people from the balcony of the Town Hall at Tsarskoye.

# Daily Mirror

EVENTS IN THE NEW RUSSIA.



Officers and privates as delegates at a conference at Tsarskoye. Each regiment sends a soldier to represent them.



General Rornilof, Military Governor of Petrograd, inspecting Republican Guards.



Gun-carriage bearing the coffins passing through the grounds. The ex-Tsar and Tsarina could, had they felt disposed, have watched the funeral from the windows.



Troops filing past the grave. The Palace can be seen in the background.

The red flag flew from the Palace during the funeral of the men who were killed in the Revolution at Tsarskoye Selo. Thousands of peasants and soldiers filed past the grave, which was dug in the grounds within a hundred yards of the Palace, while a



Soldiers and workmen's deputies listening to the speeches at the graveside.

band played the "Marseillaise." General Rornilof was captured during the Galician campaign, but escaped. He is seen inspecting Republican Guards—a very significant title. (From The Daily Mirror staff photographer in Russia.)